Trailing Clouds of Glory

William Wordsworth

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass
Piano

Our birth, our birth is but a sleep. A sleep and a forgetting
The Soul that rises in us, our life's

The Soul that rises in us, our life's

Copyright 2016 May be copied for noncommercial purposes.
life's star, Hath else where its setting, And cometh from afar;
Not in entire, entire forgetfulness,

cometh from afar; Not in entire, entire forgetfulness,

far, afar; Not in entire, entire forget, forgetful

far, afar; Not in entire, entire forget, forgetful

Not in entire, entire forgetful-ness,
And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come, clouds of glory do we come, clouds of glory do we, trailing clouds of glory do we, trailing clouds of glory do we, trailing clouds of glory do we.
come, do we come from God, from

glory, glory do we come from God, from

God, who is our home.

God, who is our home.

God, who is our home.

God, who is our home.